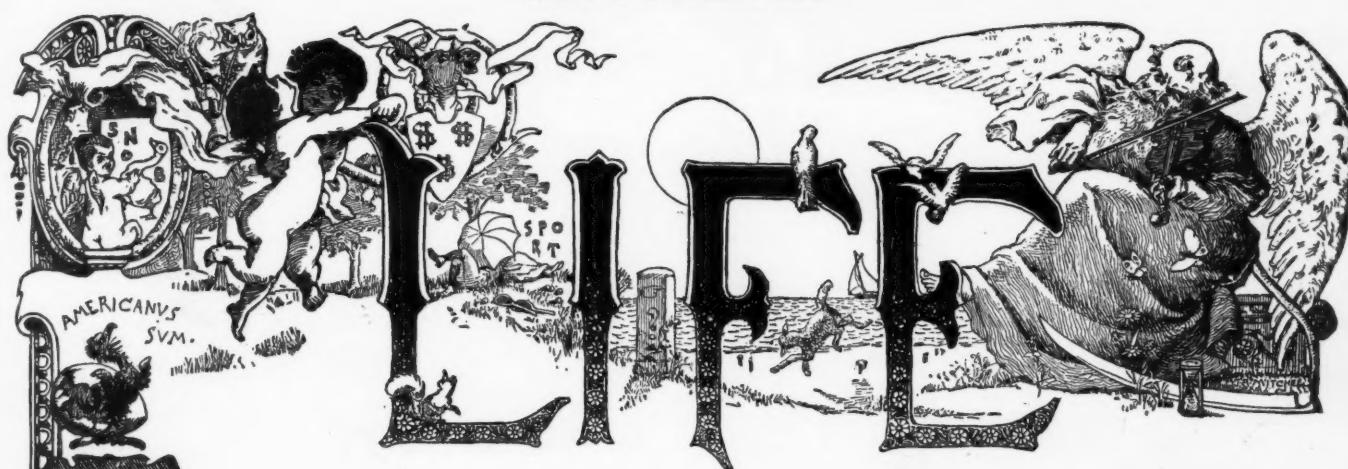


VOLUME XXII.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 16, 1893.

NUMBER 568.

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A REASONING MIND.

*The Clergyman : And why should little boys say their prayers every night ?
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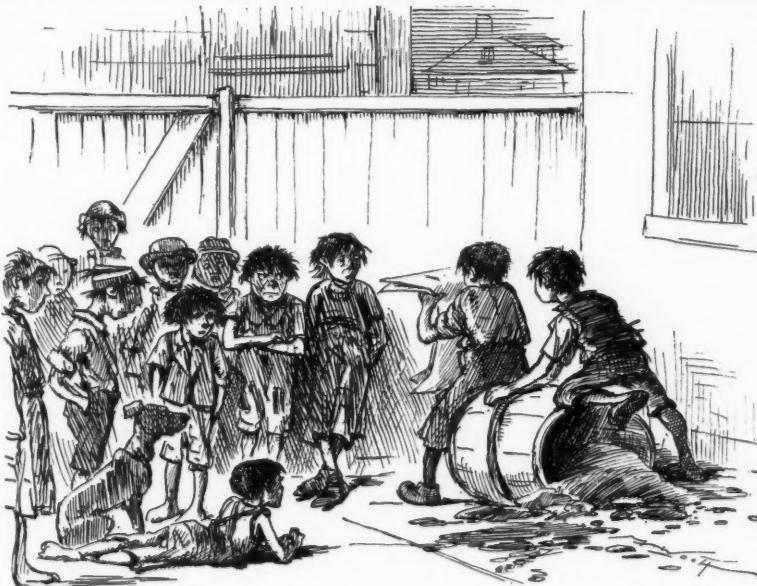
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POKER TERMS.



OW arises again, this time in London, the eternal question of the justifiability of wearing birds' feathers in the trimming of feminine head-gear. It seems that in the Princess of Wales's autumn outfit there were a number of hats adorned with choice specimens of plumage. This raised the usual criticism from the friends of the birds, and retort was made that the feathers were only such as are obtained from birds and poultry used for human food.

LIFE supposes that the Princess of Wales is a good deal like other women, with perhaps even greater obligation handsomely to bedeck her person. If a few feathered songsters and beauties have to be slaughtered to this end, it only goes to show with special emphasis that the sex is still under the sway of savage instincts. The tendency to deck one's self with feathers, with bits of shiny metal and glittering minerals, is a survival of our savage origin, and its continuance among women will hold until a greater degree of civilization and a broader mentality imbues the sex.



Boy (reading): THEN HE TOOK HISSELF TO A CAVE IN THE MOUNTING'S SIDE, CLOSE TO THE SEA-SHORE, AN' HE SHAVED OFF HIS HEAD AN' DISGUISED HISSELF WID SIDE WISKERS AN' A TELESCOPE, AN' WEN NIGHT COME ON HE WOULD CREEP FRUM HIS CAVE AN' WID HIS BRIGHT, KEEN KNIFE AGLEAMIN' IN THE MOONLIGHT—TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Chorus: OH, WHAT A SHAME!



"MAKING GOOD."



"SHY."



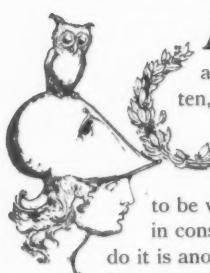
"A PAT HAND."



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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A COMMERCIAL feature of the hard times is the cheap magazine. To sell an apparent quarter's worth of magazine for ten, twelve or fifteen cents seems to have simultaneously impressed several minds as a good way to get rich. It is a feasible method; that is, a magazine that appears to be worth a quarter can be sold for twelve cents in considerable quantities. How lucrative it is to do it is another question. The dry-goods and clothing stores revert persistently to "sacrifice sales," and there may be something for the magazines, too, in that way of doing business. But there has been no suggestion, as yet, that it does the authors any good, or helps to market their accumulations of shop-worn "copy."

* * *

A PUBLISHER who really begins to show something like genius, is our old friend and late fellow-citizen Mr. William W. Astor, of London. His great stroke was made the other day, when he closed the advertising columns of his periodicals to certain quack remedies, of the inefficacy of which he had become convinced. He announced that in future he would not advertise patent remedies which were frauds. Of course nothing could tend more surely to cram his columns with advertisements of remedies that were not frauds. So now he sells an implied indorsement with every line of his advertising space, and can doubtless make his rates as high as those of the religious weeklies, which work somewhat on the same plan. Mr. Astor did not spend thirty years in the rarest social altitudes of Fifth Avenue without learning the commercial value of exclusiveness. He is a clever man, and it is all too possible that his periodicals may make money.

* * *

IT is too bad about Mr. Henry White, so long Secretary of the American Legation in London. Mr. White is a nice man, and has done his duty nobly in London for a dozen years. The American brides he has given away at St. George's in Hanover Square would fill whole churches. He has many friends in New York who have long found it delightful to have him in London when they go there. LIFE has read many tributes to his usefulness and many compli-

ments to his style, and scarcely anything against him. It has been said that he was acceptable to Ambassador Bayard. When Mr. Cleveland was President before, he was left; why, then, is he taken now? Was it really because he expressed doubts as to the "form" of the family in the White House? Or was it because Mr. Roosevelt foreclosed a ten thousand dollar mortgage on his job? It may have been either or neither.

LIFE, for its part, distrusts both solutions, and puts faith in the hypothesis that the Administration felt that Mr. White had had as much fun in London as any American could experience without imminent risk of being Smalleyized by too protracted an absence from his native land.



* * *
I F anyone doubts that honesty is the best policy, it will pay him to consider the predicament of Kansas. That State lately elected a Populist legislature, which proceeded to make laws restraining the greed of the outside capitalists who had lent money on Kansas farms.

Naturally the capitalists got scared, and are getting their money out of Kansas just as fast as possible, to the distress of all the inhabitants except the lawyers, who are sitting up nights foreclosing farm mortgages. If the late Col. Aesop were still with us, the sad case of the Kansans would doubtless prompt him to the composition of such another useful parable as the one about the husbandman who had a goose that laid golden eggs.

* * *

G RACIOUS! With so much to be done that no sensible man would dream of meddling with, is it not astonishing that there should be so many cranks unemployed and open to murderous suggestions!

* * *



A NEW illustration of the advantage of having the right sort of a pull in the right place, appears in the report that the big diamond which formed part of the Tiffany exhibit at Chicago was purchased for the adornment of Mrs. Yerkes, the wife of the principal owner of the Chicago cable roads. The pull that hauls the street-car is a potent force nowadays. It even seems some weeks, when there have been more children than usual run over, that it feels strong enough to cope with the traditional power of the hand that rocks the cradle.



AN ARISTOCRATIC PRODIGY.

SCENE: Elaborate reception and drawing-rooms of the Waterstock Tuft-Hunter mansion in Fifth Avenue. Carpets, curtains, and hangings of the most expensive and modern make. Large oil paintings of the French school decorate the walls in protective glass casings. Everything costly, striking and new.

TIME: To-day.

(Enter MRS. WATERSTOCK TUFT-HUNTER, wearing a look of anxiety. She glances around the room, which is brilliantly illuminated by many incandescent lights, with a sigh of relief.)

MRS. WATERSTOCK TUFT-HUNTER (*solas*): Well, I think the surroundings are such that even his lordship cannot fail to be impressed. Ah me! (*sighing*) what a lot there is in appearances! It is for that reason I

have insisted upon Evelyn's receiving his lordship this evening in a low-necked dress and her brightest jewels. But it is time she was ready. (*Rings sonnette. Enter powdered and liveried servant.*) Spilker, kindly ascertain from Miss Evelyn's maid if Miss Evelyn has completed her toilet.

SPILKER: Yes, ma'am. (*Bows and exits.*)

MRS. WATERSTOCK TUFT-HUNTER (*once more alone*): How little do girls realize when the great opportunity of a life-time presents itself! It is a strange thing, after all the education and training we have bestowed upon Evelyn, that she should still remain so lamentably democratic in all her ideas. The foolish child actually declared this afternoon that the dream of her life was to marry a man she could love! It is true I loved Waterstock when I married him; but then I knew he would make his mark in the Street, and that we should some day reach the pinnacle of—

• LIFE •

(Enter MISS EVELYN TUFT-HUNTER in a magnificent white satin gown, cut low and en train. She is very pale and very beautiful.)

EVELYN: I have been ready some time, mamma, but I thought I would sit in my room as long as I could.

MRS. WATERSTOCK TUFT-HUNTER: Nonsense, my dear; you should have been down here where the electric lights can play upon those diamonds; don't you know that?

EVELYN: Yes, mamma.

MRS. WATERSTOCK TUFT-HUNTER: Besides, my dear, I sent Spilker for you because there are several things I wanted to say to you. In the first place, do you realize that this is the most eventful evening of your whole life?

EVELYN: Yes, mamma.

MRS. WATERSTOCK TUFT-HUNTER: If all goes well to-night you will be asked to become the bride of one of the most illustrious members of the British aristocracy. Now, Evelyn, dear, it is because I know that you have allowed a great deal of sentiment, foolish sentiment, to take the place of your duty towards your parents, society, and yourself, that I am going to utilize the few moments you have to yourself to talk to you seriously.

EVELYN: Very well, mamma. (*Sighs*.)

MRS. WATERSTOCK TUFT-HUNTER: In the first place, darling, you may have heard it asserted that English noblemen are not, in the long run, so attractive, so refined, nor so manly as the ordinary, every-day American man. This statement, perhaps, by a superficial observation of any English peer might, in a measure, be borne out. But, Evelyn, my dear, those eccentricities of nobility which may strike you at first as strange are, in reality, the letters patent of race and blood. Therefore, my child, however odd the manners—I should have said the mannerisms—of his lordship appear to you, remember they are but the proofs of his noble lineage. You must also recollect that revelling, as the British aristocrat does, in all the glory of his native empire, it would be derogatory to his patrician dignity to know anything of the topography, customs, or politics of any foreign country, especially the United States. If, therefore, his lordship should speak of the possibility of buffalo browsing in Central Park, or assert that Boston is the capital of Chicago, be careful not to wound his sensitiveness by appearing to correct him. But I fancy I hear his lordship at the door. Good-bye, my dear, and God direct you in the path of duty! (*Exit*.)

EVELYN (alone): Oh, dear! why was I born an heiress?



"NO. IT SEEMS—TOO REAL TO BE—
STRANGE."

Mamma hopes so much from me that I must try to do what she thinks is right and accept this horrid English lord. But my thoughts will go back, in spite of me, to Bar Harbor and—and someone else. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I never thought I cared for him so very much; but now that I am told to put myself for ever out of his reach, I am afraid I almost—but, no; I must not even think that. If I could only see him once before this English brute proposes to me! Perhaps he does not love me, after all. He never told me so. But then he always looked it. In one more day I think he would have said it; but that—

(Enter SPILKER. He advances three paces, gives a half wheel and settles his double chin down into his gold lace collar.)

SPILKER (*stertorously*): 'Is Lordship, the Earl of Slopley-cum-Rollick and Blivvenhithe!

EVELYN (*rising and advancing*): Good gracious! Jack?

HIS LORDSHIP: Yes, Jack. But have you no welcome for me?

EVELYN (*confused*): Welcome? Oh, yes, indeed. But I was expecting—
(Pauses.)

HIS LORDSHIP: Whom?

EVELYN: No matter, now. Strange to say, I was also wishing I could see you.

HIS LORDSHIP: Perhaps it is sweeter to be wished for than expected. But whom were you expecting?

EVELYN: Never mind. An English nobleman you do not know and that I wish I might never know.

HIS LORDSHIP: Do you mean the Earl of Slopley-cum-Rollick and Blivvenhithe?

EVELYN (*with wide-open eyes*): Yes. But how did you know?

HIS LORDSHIP (*continuing*): Who was coming here this evening to tell you he loved you, and ask you to be his wife?

EVELYN (*gaspingly*): Yes. But, oh—Jack, what—does it mean?

HIS LORDSHIP: It means, Evelyn, that after you left me in Bar Harbor, where although I never told you, I loved you the first moment I saw you, I wrote to your father making him a formal proposition for your hand. When I had sent the letter, I suddenly remembered that I had not mentioned the fact of ever having met you. To my astonishment I received an immediate reply, giving me full consent to pay you my addresses, and asking me to call upon you

this evening. So, here I am, Evelyn; what is my answer from you?

EVELYN: But, you are Jack Gordon, not—

HIS LORDSHIP: Yes, I am Jack Gordon, that is my family name. But I am also encumbered with a long and not quite so euphonious a title. Listen, dearest, I lived *incognito* in Bar Harbor—but under no false name nor colors. I did so because I wanted to enjoy the place. You are not angry with me for that?

EVELYN (*wonderingly*): I never dreamed you were English. You don't talk like an Englishman.

HIS LORDSHIP (*smiling*): Do I not? What do I talk like; a Frenchman? But I am English, thoroughly so.

EVELYN (*doubtfully*): And you don't think there are buffalo in Central Park?

HIS LORDSHIP: Oh, yes I do. I saw one of the few remaining in this country, only this morning, in the menagerie.

EVELYN: And you don't really imagine that Boston is the capital of Chicago?

HIS LORDSHIP: Well, I'll compromise on that. I think it was after the fire. It furnished a good deal of it. But, you have not given me any answer. Is it yes or no?

EVELYN (*falteringly*): You know—that it is—yes. But it all seems too strange to be real.

HIS LORDSHIP (*after a long, lingering kiss*): Does that seem too strange to be real?

EVELYN (*her head on his shoulder*): No. It seems—too real to be—strange.

E. H. Graham-Dewey.

THE RELIGIOUS EUPHUIST AND THE CARELESS OPERATOR.

AUNT EUNICE is conscientiously opposed to the words "dead," "death" and "die" as being both pagan and repulsive.

When her father died, therefore, and it became her duty to send the sad tidings to her brother out West, she telegraphed as follows: "Jesus has taken father home."

What were her amazement and distress to receive, hours later, the somewhat disgusted reply: "Who is Jessie, and where is her home?"

WHERE HE LIVED.

FIRST STRANGER (*at railway station*): I wonder if there is any truth in the reports of extortion at Chicago?

SECOND STRANGER: It's a base slander.

FIRST STRANGER: Beg pardon. I didn't know you lived at Chicago.

PUTTING AN END TO IT.



ONLY A BLIND.

Tom: HALLO, DICK! IS THAT YOU? I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU REDUCED TO THIS!

Dick (raising his shade): LOR' BLESS YOU, TOM, I AIN'T BLIND; NOT A BIT OF IT! I GOT KINDER TIRED O' BUMMIN' ROUND WITH THE BOYS AT MY TIME O' LIFE, SO I JOINED A BIBLE CLASS, STOLE A DOG AN' TIN CUP, WROTE THIS SIGN WOT I GOT ROUN' MY NECK, AN' SETTLED DOWN TO AN HONEST AN' RESPECTABLE OCCUPATION.

A CONCEITED MAN.

UPON the mystic Hallowe'en,
As he stood before the glass,
He saw his best love then, I ween,
The poor, conceited ass.

A NICE THING TO HAVE ABOUT.

AS a successful practical joker on a large scale Mr. Francis H. Weeks seems to be the present champion. Parents left their estates to this gentleman's care, feeling the welfare of their children would be assured. They did this partly because many other parents had already done so, and partly because Mr. Weeks was a pious man and took an active interest in church affairs. This was where Mr. Weeks had a long head and he has had his fun with the money. The widows and orphans are now looking about for some means of earning a livelihood. If there exists anything more ignoble than the thief who selects for his victims the widows and orphans of his departed friends, LIFE has yet to hear of it.

M. PRY: You must have had some peculiar experiences in your army practise, Dr. Lancet?

DR. LANCET: Very. I have noticed, for example, that some of the patients who did the least fighting during the war, have done the most bleeding since.

LIF



THE HORSE SHOW

HOW THE ANIMALS PEAR FROM T

LIFE

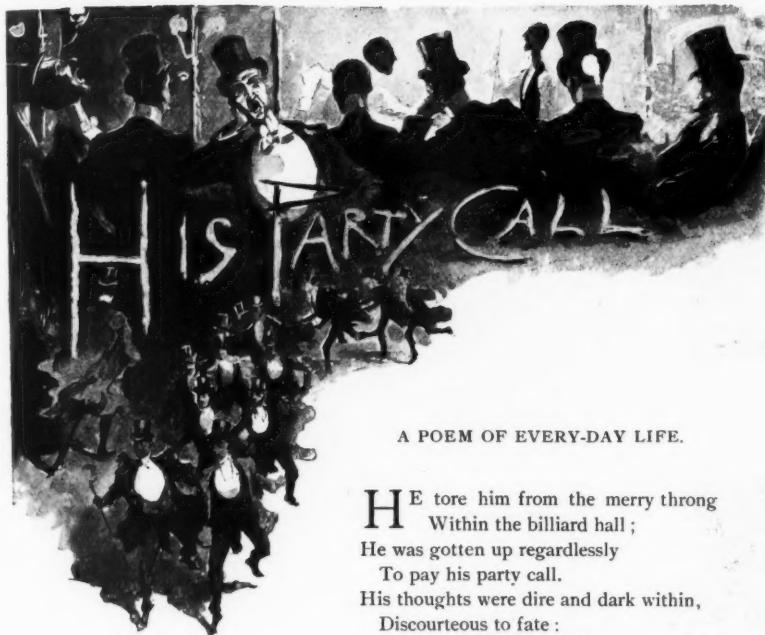


THE KIDS SHOW.

ANIMALS TEAR FROM THE BOXES.



SOME IMPRESSIONS OF SOCIETY DURING HORSE SHOW WEEK.



A POEM OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

HE tore him from the merry throng
Within the billiard hall ;
He was gotten up regardlessly
To pay his party call.
His thoughts were dire and dark within,
Discourteous to fate :
"Ah, me ! these social debts incurred
Are hard to liquidate."

His boots were slender, long and trim,
His collar tall and swell,
His hats were made by Dunlap,
And his coats were cut by Bell ;
A symphony in black and white,
" Of our set " the pride,
Yet he lingered on his way—
He would that he had died.

His feet caressed the lonely way,
The pave gave forth no sound ;
They seemed in pitying silence clothed—
West End-ward he was bound.
He approached the mansion stealthily,
The steps looked cold and chill ;
He glanced into the vestibule,
But all was calm and still.

He fingered nervously the bell,
His card-case in his hand,
He saw the mirror in the hall—
Solemn, stately, grand.
Suddenly his spirits rose,
The drawing-room looked dim ;
The menial filled his soul with joy
With " No ! there's no one in."

With fiendish glee he stole away,
His heart was gay and light,
Happy that he went and paid
His party call that night.
His steps turned to the billiard hall,
Blissfully he trod ;
He entered, " What, returned so soon ?"—
Replied : " She's out, thank God ! "

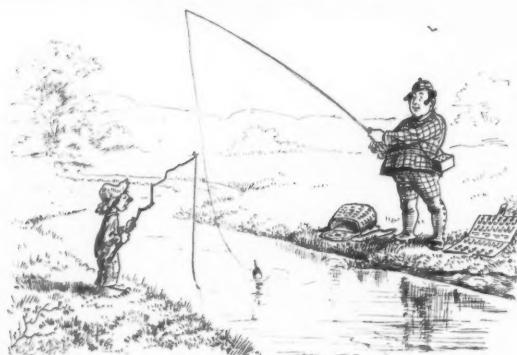
Sixteen cues were put to rest
Within their upright beds,
And sixteen different tiles were placed
On sixteen level heads ;
Sixteen men upon the street
In solid phalanx all,
And sixteen men on duty bent
To pay *their* party call.



When the fairest of her sex came home —
At early dawn, I ween—
She slowly looked the cards all out,
They numbered seventeen.
With calm relief she raised her eyes,
Filled with grateful light,
" Oh, Merciful Fate look down and see
What I've escaped this night ! "

Albert Riddle.

IT WAS EVER THUS.



TWO CONTRASTING PLAYS.

"SHORE ACRES" deserves notice because it is an excellent play of its class. If its characters were drawn from the rural life of England instead of America, it would at once win the commendation and the patronage of a set of people who are wont to consider American low-life or middle-class life as beneath their serious notice. Unfortunately this limited set have it in their power to make a play fashionable or unfashionable. They are the people who are responsible for the vogue of the Kendals and other English actors in this country, and they are perhaps the worst enemies of the American stage. To them "Shore Acres" will appeal but little. That any one should attempt to bring to the stage true pictures of American life, untainted by vices of the kind recognized in good society, is a thing incomprehensible to their peculiar comprehension. They deign to witness vaudeville performances which have become the fad or which are produced under social-idiotical auspices, and they organize theatre parties for farce comedy, but a play which deals with the ordinary phases of American life, no matter how artistic it may be, is beneath their notice.

"Shore Acres" is artistic because it is true. Like several other plays that have been popular successes, it deals with the humble details of New England rural life. It is realistic to the last degree and in that particular is valuable artistically. The realism which consists in milking real milk from a real cow in plain view of the audience is not particularly to be commended, but that is not the kind of realism to be found in this play. Wherein it is real and therefore artistic, is that it gives a faithful picture of a certain kind of life peculiar to our country and our time. Whether or no the picture is



worth presenting is a question, but there is no doubt about the faithfulness of the drawing. The German professor who devoted his entire life to a study of the Second Aorist was considered by many people a fool, but to the few who appreciated it his work had considerable value. So, here, the game may not be worth the candle, but just the same it is a game very well played.

Mr. James A. Herne's *Nathaniel Berry* is a carefully acted part and a truthful study of New England character. It is made the central point of interest in the performance, but

clever as are Mr. Herne's facial expressions he dwells on them too long, and thereby tries the patience of his audience. Facial expression is a valuable adjunct to the drama, but it should never be permitted to do more than aid action—it should never interrupt it.

The staging of "Shore Acres" is excellent and the support throughout very good. *Martin Berry*, the bad brother of *Nathaniel*, is a good counterfoil and well acted by Mr. Craig. Miss Grace Clark as *Martin's* wife, and Miss Katherine Grey, his very pretty daughter, who inherits some of her father's decision of character, do their parts well. In fact the whole company is well adapted and well trained to preserve the faithfulness of the picture and story of "Shore Acres."

* * *

"THE COUNCILLOR'S WIFE"

at Mr. Frohman's Empire Theatre will doubtless meet with the stronger approval and more generous patronage of the set we have spoken of. This does not mean that the piece is not praiseworthy. "The Councillor's Wife" is certainly amusing and interesting, but as a picture of real life it appeals to no one but a person who is ignorant or who has a diseased imagination. The young gentlemen and young ladies whom Mr. Frohman presents to the New York public as types of gentle breeding are excellent—that is they are excellent types of the society recruited from behind the counters of Mr. Macy's store. It is not to be believed that Mr. Frohman's young ladies and young gentlemen derive their inspiration and society bearing from any other source. In the selection of actors for the eccentric parts Mr. Frohman is more fortunate. The *Ben Dixon* of Mr. Burrows, the *Cherry* of Mr. Crompton and the *Mrs. Wheedles* of Miss May Robson are very good indeed.



The Actor: I SAY, JANE, WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A BILL-BOARD AND A BOARD-BILL?
Actor's Wife: WELL, YOU CAN'T JUMP THE BILL-BOARD.

The lines of "The Councillor's Wife" are clever and, with the exception of the Macy young men and women, the acting is satisfactory.

Metcalf.

TALKING SOCIETIES.

SHE: Don't you think that women ought to have the right to go to Congress?

HE: Yes; and that United States Senators should be admitted to Sorosis.

LIFE.



SEASONABLE.

NOVEMBER'S here; the weather bids
Us heap the grate with cannel.
Glove dealers flannel put in kids,
And mothers' kids in flannel.—*Boston Courier.*

ON the night of his arrival in London, M. Zola was recovering from the fatigue of the journey, when the door of his room in the hotel opened and a waiter entered, bearing a magnificent basket of flowers, and delivered the following message: "Mr. Oscar Woilde, sir, sends these flowers, and asks if you will receive him for a few minutes." The words were roughly translated to M. Zola, who still seemed puzzled and shook his head, exclaiming: "Oscawoile! Oscawoile! I do not know him!"

"What kind of an animal is this Oscawoile, anyway?" inquired a French journalist, equally ignorant of English pronunciation.

"Give him back his vegetables, and show him the door," cried another.

At last the personal conductor of the party got a hearing, and explained that the unknown donor was the apostle of British aestheticism—a recommendation which failed to touch the hearts of his audience. Finally, M. Zola bethought him of looking at the gentleman's card, and at once a smile of intelligence lit up his expressive features, as he

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Banker, 50 Broadway, New York,

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gasped out, in repentant accents: "Why, great heavens, it is M. Oscarre Veedle, the author of 'Salome,' which we have all read and enjoyed. Let him be shown in at once!" "Oscarre Veedle!" shouted all the others; "why didn't he say so in the first place?" And so the two master spirits of the age were brought into contact.—*Argonaut.*

AN English judge, traveling in the United States, finding himself short of cash, presented one of the drafts he had at a local bank, but was told he must be identified by some one. He explained to the bank agent that as he knew no one in the district this was impossible, and he showed him his card, his letters of introduction, his name in his pocket-book, and the initials on his handkerchief, but all to no purpose. Identification was absolutely necessary. During the conversation the stranger learned that the banker was also the local judge, and, after he had exhausted all his attempts to convince him of his identity, he said, chaffingly:

"Come, judge, you must admit you've often hanged a man on less evidence."

"That may be so," replied the judge; "but when it comes to parting with the dollars, one has to be careful!"—*Exchange.*

IT takes the "well-brought-up" child to discover the hidden meaning of things. The other evening at Mrs. E.'s in K street somebody was showing a picture of an artistic loving cup, which had just been presented to a famous actor by his professional brethren. One of the party remarked that it had always been a marvel to him why a loving cup should have three handles.

"I can account," said he, "for one handle as belonging to the lover and the other as belonging to the beloved, but the third handle—"

The shrill little voice of Mrs. E.'s youngest, who has seen two elder sisters pass through the marriageable period, piped up:

"That's for the chaperon."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

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GEORGE: You don't seem to have enjoyed yourself at the summer resorts this year. What was the matter?

JACK: Hadn't time to form any new acquaintances.

"No time?"

"No; I was kept busy kissing the babies of the girls I used to be engaged to."—*New York Weekly.*